

Title: Juo'nar's Entrance II

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“The troops were kidding around and a group of warriors were amusing the troops by pretending to be orcs when something started happening to the rear of the formation. I could

barely see a large green figure on the bridge behind. I started to call out a warning when the crash of a flamestrike claimed the first defender. The defenders held their ground for a short time and it seemed that all was well when the Dark Knights showed up. Ebony boned skeletons appeared and slowly started working their way through the defenders. I sent glances over my shoulder now and again but I had nothing to worry about, it was those inside that needed to fear. The minutes passed as I looked on in helpless frustration as the defenders fell, one by one. I especially kept an eye on my companion Nova. He had taken refuge behind a hard core of maroon liveried warriors who were holding steadfastly against all comers. He looked back and I saw a gleam in his eye. Slowly he inched his horse around the maroon core and raised his silver crossbow and took aim. His arrow took flight and lodged itself in Juo' nar,

who took no notice of the futile blow. His bodyguard of Dark Knights on the other hand noticed and one of them singled Nova out. I shouted warning and he goaded his horse into a gallop but it was to no avail. I watched in horror as the abomination cut my friend off his horse, then casually cut the horses throat. "When I was finally able to tear my eyes off my friend's corpse I looked back and found the main gate empty of life, but not unlife. The undead roamed from the area looking for fresh targets trampling the dead without thought.

I glanced over my shoulder to find a small group of warriors also standing outside the gates looking in, horror and fear clouding their eyes.

As I studied their faces behind them I saw a moongate form. Praying that it would lead me to glory and revenge for my fallen friend I threw myself into it and landed in chaos. I appeared to the south of the bank where a small core of defenders was fending off the fringes of the undead horde. We formed up and I don't know how many of creatures I slew. At one point I caught a glimpse of turquoise out of the corner of my eye and there was Nova, raised from the dead by powerful magic. I ran to his side and together we moved here and there clearing lesser undead from the area, allowing the Grandmasters to take on the most powerful of undead unhindered. I seem like it was a lifetime but

it could have only been a
10 minutes later when
Juo' nar and his retinue
took notice of this core
of resisters. As I was
cutting down a lich I saw
a group of black clad
warriors single out one
of the Dark Knights that
seemed particularly
damaged and they
proceeded to end it, but
not without cost. When
the creature fell and the
area cleared many black
clad warriors lied broken
alongside the dead Dark
Knight. I headed over to
look when I heard fighting
in the building next to
the bank. I turned to
look only to see not ten
feet from me the green
form of Juo' nar turning
around to head out of
the building, right toward
me! With a motion bred
out of long instinct I
jumped to the side and
hid. I crouched behind a
light pole and without
breathing I looked on in
horror as he stopped and
looked around, laughing
with glee at the carnage
surrounding him. His guard
was swarming around
clearing the area of
defenders. When he finally
moved off I leapt from
my hiding place and ran
into the building. Big
mistake. I ran into the
building looking back over
my shoulder only to run
straight up onto the
sword of one of the
Dark Knights. My life was
over. I was a ghost. I
knew that I had to find
a healer or a powerful
mage that could bring me
back to fight so I headed
out into the courtyard.
There was nothing moving.
Not undead, not
defenders, nothing. The
horde had killed everyone

and moved on, leaving
bloody wreckage behind.
Eventually in my wandering
I came across a small
core of fighters fending
off a small group of
undead. I went into the
building they were
defending and found ten
or twelve ghosts hovering
near a group of healers.
Those healers may not
have fought as valiantly
as the armored warriors
defending the main gates,
but in my humble opinion
they proved more valuable
to the defense of the
city than any other
group. You returned me
to life and I thank all of
you heartily. Thank you!

“There was more that
happened but it was all a
blur. I eventually met up
with Nova and after many
hours of bloody fighting
we returned to Vesper to
rest and recover. It was
then, as I bound my
wounds and tried to get
my mangled close helm
off my head, that I
began to think about how
the recent events that
have occurred affect us
all. For every
Grandmaster Warrior or
Mage there are hundreds,
if not thousands, of
fighters, alchemists,
scholars and others just
like me who may not fully
understand what is going
on in the grand world
around them but have to
live, and persevere,
through the trouble that
has been inflicted on our
fair land. It is not
enough to just hold the
city of Trinsic. It is
not enough to fight off
the ravening hordes of
trolls attacking Vesper.
None of these things will
fix what is broken. What

we see here is only the effects of something deeper, and I believe more insidious. If we hope to return Britannia's cities to the safe havens they once were we must go deeper. We must determine why and how these attacks are coming to be and most of all who is behind it. If we fail this then all shall fall, not just the weak or the unwary, but all. May your will stay strong against all worthy foes.